

TITLE: POEEDGR

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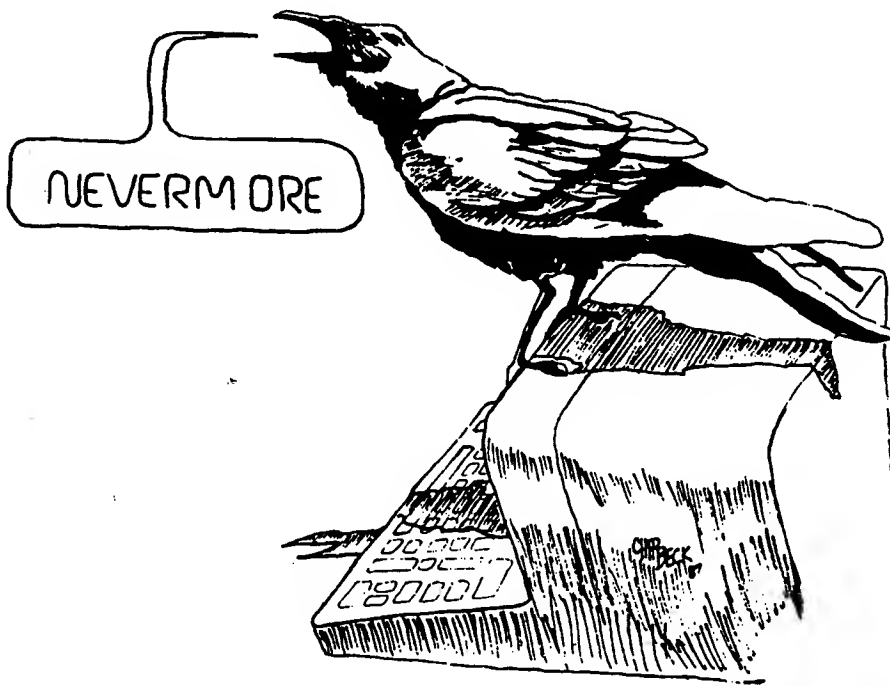
A collection of articles on the historical, operational, doctrinal, and theoretical aspects of intelligence.

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aka Edgar Allen Poe

POEEDGR

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Once upon my desk computer, as I read my "VM Tutor,"
 Came a message from a user I.D. I'd not seen before—
 While I nodded, nearly napping, this odd message came up, zapping
 All the input I'd been tapping, tapping in for hours before.
 "Someone's input error," I muttered, tapping data in once more—
 Only this and nothing more.

But the same incessant message flashing on my screen sans presage
 Filled me—drilled me with an irritation never felt before;
 So that now to still the blinking on my screen I sat there thinking
 "What's this idiot been drinking that would make him such a boor?!—
 'Tis most likely just a hacker of the kind we all abhor;—This it is and nothing
 more."

Back toward the keyboard turning, all my rage within me burning,
 In I typed the user's I.D., from him mercy to implore.
 Not the least deference made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
 But without delay repaid me with the message, "NEVERMORE."
 "Let my heart be still," I uttered, and this mystery explore;— "Tis a nuke and
 nothing more!"

Nevermore

Growing every moment tenser, "Ahl" I thought, "I still can censor
 This rude user and his message which now burns me to my core."
 So I got out of XEDIT, typed in "SET MSG OFF" and bet it
 Would subdue my screen—instead it seemed to make it flash e'en more!
 "Call the Trouble Desk," I cried, "a system breakdown they'll explore.
 I can still go home by four."

Naturally, the line was busy, so I sat there in a tizzy—
 Dialing, dialing o'er and over 'til my fingers all were sore.
 I grew more downcast and dejected; suddenly my call connected!
 "If this fault could be detected, we would set things right once more.
 But we think the fault's with you—this hasn't happened to us before.
 Please don't call us anymore."

Logging off in desperation, I met this bizarre sensation:
 No familiar "ENTER SWITCHING CHARACTERS" showed as before!
 Rather, blinking even faster—oh, unmerciful Disaster!—
 My computer was my master, and one strict command it bore:
 With those sickening, shim'ring, luminescent letters gloating o'er,
 Quoth VM3 "NEVERMORE."

"Be that word our sign of parting—I'm going home!" I shrieked, upstarting,
 And I changed my shoes and grabbed my purse and headed toward the door.
 "You know that's a violation," someone cried in jubilation—
 "You must never leave your station without someone watching o'er."
 "S.O.B.," I thought, but turning, I walked slowly 'cross the floor
 And I took my seat once more.

As time passes, never flitting, still I'm sitting, STILL I'm sitting,
 Though I'm glancing much less often at the clock above the door.
 My computer—message beaming—now just lulls me into dreaming,
 VDT—light o'er me streaming throws my shadow on the floor;
 And my soul from out that shadow floats in (b)(3)(c)
 To return home—nevermore!

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